ALL: AROUND STUDENTS FIND WHAT THEY WANT THERE. The General Reader Also Provided For A New Catalogue Under War The Pros-rat One Being Bettered Monthly.

The Lenox Library has become recently more and more an open treasure house not only to the scholar but to the general reader. When the library was first opened to the public it was mainly a show place for rare books, though its slicives held many volumes of interest and value to students of American history. The founder, whose own collection at first constituted the whole library, had confined his purchases to a nerrow range of subjects. His collection of books bearing upon American history was mainly restricted to those published before the year 1700. There were, besides valuable works on Milton and on Shakespeare, many pare Bibles and other volumes of interest to the bibliophile rather than to the public at large, or even to the student. The policy of the trustees was to confine their purchases pretty closely to the lines laid down by the founder in making his own collection.

In 1878, however, came the Duvckinck legacy of over 15,000 bound volumes and nearly 1,600 pumphlets, covering a wide field in English Ifterature, especially the poets, literary history, the fine arts, and much of German, Spanish, French, and Italian literature. The Astoin gift In 1884 included over 4,500 bound volumes and 3:37 pamphlets, covering much of modern French literature, belies-lettres, bibliography, and works on the fine arts. The Drexel collection of 6,500 bound volumes and 800 pamphlets relating to the history of music, was received in 1888.

The library of the late George Bancroft, the historian, was purchased in 1893, It included nearly 15,000 bound volumes, over 4,500 pamphilets, and 486 manuscript volumes. It was rich in works on American history from the Time of the Stamp act. Eight thousand volumes and pamphlets relate to Amerihistory. 2.600 to English history and literature, 1,500 to German literature and philosophy, 1,000 to French and Italian literature, 500 to threek and Roman literature. and the remainder to miscellaneous subjects. The Stuart legacy was received in 1892, and arranged on shelves early in 1803. It includes mearly 12,000 bound volumes and nearly 2,000 pamphlets. This accession greatly enriched the Americana of the library, and added many works of travel, belies-lettres, the fine arts, and weneral history, besides rare volumes on several While all these wifts were coming in the

trustees have been buying rare books and enriching the department of American history. They have bought in the last two years several hundred volumes of old newspaper files, so that Low there is an almost unbroken newspaper record from 1733 to the period of the Revolu-Lion, including New York newspapers for every

Year of that time.
The library, with more than 83,000 bound Volumes and more than 30,000 pamphlets, is preparing within the next year to serve its readmore satisfactorily than ever. The temporary card catalogue of the library will be completed in about six months. The authors' card catalogue will be finished in a few days. Before the temporary catalogue is finished work on the permanent estalogue will be begun. That will not be finished for several years, but as it will be gradually substituted for the temporary catalogue, the latter will be better and better from month to month. The temporary card catalogue was made by cutting up the several printed and bound catalogues of the library and pasting the titles on cards. These catalogues are defective In various ways. They contain errors and the titles are sometimes too short and sometimes too long. At the same time there are many intentional omissions in the temporary card catalogue, because the immediate aim is to catalogue buly those parts of the library that are most

logue, because the immediate aim is to catalogue unit those parts of the library that are most used by readers and students.

By way of preparation for the permanent card catalogue, scientifically careful and accurate catalogues in bound volumes will be made of each collection in the library directly from the books themselves. The terms of the Stuart legacy require this of that collection. These volumes will be so printed that the titles shall be in suitable type for transference to the card catalogue, and as the transfer is made, the properly drawn-out titles will be substituted for the short titles in the card catalogue. In this way the whole library will be gradually card catalogued under one alphabet.

The Lenox collection will probably be the last to undergo this treatment. The temporary catalogue is not looked upon with special pride by the librarian, because of its necessary defects, but it was the best thing attainable in so short a time, and the needs of the library were pressing. The permanent card catalogue will be a monument of library science.

While the temporary catalogue is being finished and the permanent catalogue is underway, still another catalogue, or, more properly speaking, hand book, will be in preparation. This last is to be a guide to the exhibition room's collection of rare books and manuscripts. It will be, among other things, a history of printing in Europe and America, library of printing in Europe and America, library of the art. When this work has been finished and the exhibition rearranged, the exhibition room will be a rare feature to be found in no other American library.

With the growth of the Lenox Library the at-

by rare books belonging to every stage of the art. When this work has been finished and the exhibition rearranged, the exhibition room will be a rare feature to be found in no other American library.

With the growth of the Lenox Library the attendance in the reading room has steadily increased until now the time seems mear when more space must be found for readers and students. The system of the library makes it possible to know from month to mouth the number of readers and the class of books consulted. The number of readers in syear has been nearly or quite double the number last year. They are of all serts, from the scholar seeking authorities in one or another abstruse subject to the schoolboy in search of amusement. Unless more space can be found it may be necessary to curtail the present privileges of the young, for the present shelving reom is nearly exhausted, and more cannot be found without a radical change of system and some encoachment upon the space given up to readers.

The department of American history is still the one most consulted in the library, and scholars come from afar to seek the rare works of that collection, while some that cannot come write to ask for information not obtainable elsewhere. The Lenox collection of books in American history is so well known in Europe that there is occasionally an inquiry from abroad.

There were 41s readers at the library in the month of October, 1893, and 695 in October of this year. The library does not close in summer time, although the attendance materially falls off in the months of June, July, and August.

When the question of room becomes somewhat more pressing, which may easily be within the next year, the trustees must face the dilemans of enlarging the library building or curtaining the usefulness of the library which and played with the defects of the present catalogue there is never long delay in obtaining a needed volume, after the library and deliginal in the city. It is admirably lighted, quiet chough for the busiest student, and amply eq

From the Augusta Chronice.

Mr. Schweigert and Mr. Philipot, as most people know, were the candidates for Council in the First Ward, and the deciding primary was to have been held on Monday—now it won't be. The other morning about 8:30 o'clock Mr. Schweigert went into Mr. Philipot's store in Centre street, and made a proposition to the proprietor to draw straws for the election, eaying the the was tired of all the contention. Mr. Philipot agreed, and putting a straw from a new broam proceeded to kreak it into unequal lengths. There was no one present to withess

hig that he was tired of all the contention. Mr. Philipst agreed, and pulling a straw from a new bream proceeded to break it into unequal lengths. There was no one present to witheas the unique primary, but nevertheless they proceeded to draw.

The short straw meant victory. Mr. Philipst closed his even arranged the straws and Mr. Schwelger draw the long one.

Like wildlife the news spread from man to man, it was deshed over the city, and in a short while was the role topic of conversation. Men stood against and wondered, Here and there little know would gather and discuss the matter. In business homes, on 'thange, in banks, everywhere, there were but these two words, bree straws.' At first the rumor was not redited, but show the public not provided matters in any worse and friends of both parties grew madder.

— What ''t they said, "we go to work for candidates and after weeks of labor they draw straws for the office."

There were and men on both sides, but of course those who had strayerted the lower very has madder. They could not understand it at all. They called the two, and that he would have won by at least lifty votes.

HOW LINTON HOPE OF GREEN-

HITHE LEAPED INTO FAME. From a Teacher of Science and Art and a Gold Hunter He Becomes the Besigner and Constructor of the Most Sensational Roat of the Year in Great Britain.

LONDON, Nov. 21 .- Beyond all question, the two yachting comets of the year in Great Reitate were the Dakotah, 10-rater, and Sorceress, 1-rater. The Dakotah was built by the Herres hoffs in America for the Messrs. Allan of Glasgow, and the Sorceress was designed and built by Linton Hope of Greenhithe, Renl, for himself. As the two boats are so greatly different in size, a comparison of merit is out of the question, but as the Sorceress is a radical departure from the accepted school of naval architecture, she may be con-sidered as the sensational boat of the By the success of the Sorceress Linton Hope has literally soared into fame like a sky rocket. In these days of Herreshoffs, Watsons, and Fifes, the rise of Linton Horse is little shore of the marveilous, Established reputation is nothing when confronted with absolute fact. and, as for fact, the Sorceress has met no boat of her class that she could not vanquish with case. That she is not a fluke or a lucky accident is shown by the success of a similar boat sent to British Columbia and the victories of other boats

of her type in England. When Hope launched his new craft he de-



her the Saucer, he would anticipate such play ful humor by calling her the Sorceress. Sauceress would have been a more appropriate name for in shape the boat is a saucer or American fire tin, 28 feet long and 8 feet wide. Her water line length is 18.8 feet, and on this she carries 320 square feet of sail, divided into a large lug mainsail and a small jib. The boat carries no ballast of any sort except the crew, who like out to the weather side to keep her right side up. The centreboard is a deep, narrow piece of steel, shaped like the blade of a pocket knife, with the sharp edge forward. It is said that this board twists the boat bodily to windward, but opinions on this differ. It is quite likely that her upright position in sailing has more to do with her weatherly qualities than the twist of her centreboard. As boats of the Sorceress type will undoubtedly swarm on British sailing courses next season, judging from the number of orders for small raters already in hand, a sketch of Linton Hope's career may not be without interest to yachtsmen in America, especially as some of

these boats may find their way to New York

Bay and Long Island Sound,

For so young a man Hope has had a rather varied experience, having been by turns a teacher of science and art, a gold hunter in South Africa, a yacht designer, and lastly a yacht builder. During his early boyhood in England he took naturally to boat sailing. His first boot was a yacht's dinghy, which is said to have been held together chiefly with tar. For this craft he made two lug sails, and in the utter fearlessness of ignorance he made venturesome cruises along the coast. It was not until 1879, however, on his return from a trip to the Cape of Good Hope, that he got into actual vachting. This was at Ryde, Isle of Wight, where he owned a small boat or two and raced them with indifferent success. Upon going to live at Brighton in 1883, Hope had a 13-foot unballasted cance, in which he made a rough passage from Ryde to Littlehampton. Soon afterward he built, single handed, from his own design a fifteen-foot cutter, but she did little as a racer. In 1886 he bought the hull of an eighteen-foot boat, and partly rebuilt her to his own design. It is curious to note that this craft, Saionara by name, was a plank-on-edge, and the extreme opposite to the Sorceress. The plank-on-edge was successful only in diving and rolling, and she was abandoned. In the same year he designed Haze as a single-handed cruiser and had her built in the autumn. In the following spring he lengthened her two feet and raced her with moderate success in the south coast regattas.

ened her two feet and raced her with moderate success in the south coast regattas.

During these years Hope had been successively a student at the Brighton School of Science and Art, and head master of the School of Science and Art at Worthing, of which he was the founder. In 1888 he sold his beats, left his post at Worthing, and went to sack his fortune in the South African gold fields. He had indifferent luck, and in 1890 he went up country to Mashonaland in charge of a prospecting expedition for the Bechuanaland police. After an unsuccessful year he resigned and returned to England. He took my yacht designing, and became a member of the Itoolan Salling Club. He designed several small cruisers and racers in 1892, the most yacht clubs. Afterward he became a member of the London Salling Club. He designed several small cruisers and racers in 1892, the most noteworthy of which was the canee-yawl Veleila. 25 feet water line. During 1893 he built the Mazoe for a restricted class of 1-raters on the lower Thames, and tried hard to organize the class; but when the class was started by the Essex Yacht Club the ruices excluded her. Late in 1893 he organized the Thames Yacht Building Company. Limited, at Greenhithe, and became the managing director. Up to this time Hope had been plodding along, with the luck not always going his way, but early in 1894 the performances of the Sorceress placed his name at the top of the list. In the wake of the Sorceress were Teste, le-rater; From Fron, 1-rater, and Daisy Beil of British Columbia. He also designed the cance Dragon for B. de Quincey of the Royal Canes Club, but the Dragon did not get properly rigged in time for the season's races.

The abnormal beam of the Sorceress was to some extent, the result of causes outside of ordinary designing. A member of the conneil of the Yacht Racing Association having said: "Whatever faults the present rule might have, the unballasted skimmer was impossible since the restriction as to crew." Hope determined to the restriction as to crew." Hope During these years Hope had been successively

Cinnrette Siris Thea and Now.

From the Binkester Herald. Years ago, when the business was new, and before the introduction of the complicated machines which reel off the "coffin nail" in such quantities that to remove the finished product is of fixelf no easy task, the rigacette first was ingular-barred and fashionable-appearing maken of whom things not exclusively complimentary were said. were said.

She was a victim of circumstances which to
the considered fortunate or unfortu

She was a victim of circumstances which today may be considered fortunate or unfortunate, as the critic's mind fucilities. Now, as
then, the cigarette girl is as hight-hearted and
gay as ever, and cuts quits a figure in the way
of things the intest in style.

3 She is not a person of wide acquaintance, and
that is why unthinking and unsind people who
have no business to pass judgment regard the
cigarette girl as a triffs blase. She usually
usars the newest thing in gowns and cours,
and at the theatry, view may be obstructed by
plumage on her granty hat, which rost enough
to support at ordinary faintly a month, and
this in the fure of the fact that the salaries of a
dozon years and have been lust about cut in
half. Sayle comes high, but the cigarette girl
must have it. It was a thing inaugurated by
the frivolous disconnering girl of a more presperous period, but will doubt less continue until the
cigarette sird and the preduct of her busy
thegers are relegated into inscore.

Het to know the eigarette girl in her own home
is the only was in which to insulate of Rochsater's army of working women.

LENOX LIBRARY TO DATE. A GREAT YACHT BUILDER. AN OLD-STYLE QUARTER. THE QUAINT LITTLE TUCKED-UP

> SHOPS OF HUDSON STREET. A Locality Maying All the Characteristics of an English Country Town, Where Time Seems Almost to Have Stood Still, and that Links the New York of To-day with the New York of Ninety Years Ago,

Time has dealt less hardly with Variok and Andson streets than with any other part of New Fork, barring the lanes and twisting thorough fares of Greenwich village. The elevated railroad and the march of progress have both passed them by, and the real estate agent and the builder and contractor have not yet laid plans to Haussmannize them out of existence or out of all likeness to their quaint old relves. This cannot be for however, and airrady the new of things, huge business blocks and crowded tenements, is pushing up Hudson street from Chambers to Harrison at the one end, an down it for a block or two, where it runs into Ninth avenue at Thirteenth street, But between Abingdon square and Vestry street, Hudson street retains its characteristics almost unchanged since it was opened up, and a prowl about this part of its length will give one an excellent idea of how people lived and traded when the century was just able to walk alone. This seems all the more astonishing because Hudson street is an unusually wide thoroughfare, and furnishes direct communication between the wholesale quarter of the south and west and the crowded living quarter of the middle west.

Hudson street is no more like the New York of to-day than an English tavern is like the New Netherlands Hotel. In fact, there is a distinctly Old-World atmosphere about the place, and if sections of Hudson street were to be photographed and labelled "Street Scene in Bristol" or "in Exeter" or "in Dundee," there is no one that would dispute the legend. So, too, it would be out of all keeping to call the stores anything else than shops; they are just plain, cosey, tucked-up little old-fashioned shops, where the stock in trade and the customers are so crowded together that two or three people will crowd the place, and where you can sit at the short scrap of counter and Mterally put your hand on just what you want. There is no need for a stepladder in these shops; the salespeople just reach up easily and take down anything that is needed, while the cellings are so low that you instinctively feel like ducking when you open the door, with its little Jangling hell, and when, in fact, you can sweep the plaster with your outstretched hand. There is generally, too, an unnoticed step down into the shop at the junction of the doors, over which you plunge headlong in the dear old-fashloned breakneck way. There is no need of clerks in these breakneck way. There is no need of cierks in these stores. The proprietor and one assistant can look after all the customers that can be arcom-medated at one time, and some times all the business is transacted by a comfortable and retund old lady who rolls her way slowly down the floury lanes between the piles of mill truck, or comes up slowly on a starboard tack and lays to beside the open tubs of salt mackerel and pungent bloaters.

lays to beside the open tubs of salt mackerel and pungent bloaters.

Some of the progressive shopkeepers and one or two of the progressive shopkeepers and one of two of the younger people have put plate glass into their windows, but most of the places are still lighted with aashes. filled with many small panes of glass. Nine and tweive lights to the window are quite common, and there is one weather-worn place on a corner where each window has fifteen little panes of glass and where you can stand on the sidewalk and look in through the top row, as was the proper thing when New York thought that French plate for American light was as foolishly foreign as French songs for an American audience. These are the windows that one sees in cuts where the passers-by are shown in scuttle cuts where the passers-by are shown in scuttle bonnets and pelisses if they are ladies, and in beil-topped hats and strapped trousers if they

There is a distinctly old-time and old-country character about what is sold in the shops, as well as about the shops then selves. In the baker's shops, for instance, one sees the old "mansion loat," scottish scones, and English currant cake. The candy shops sell "sweet-tuck" and "lollippos." The "tonsorial artist" calls himself squarely a "hair cutter," and the furniture may be a second-hand goods, but as the proper thing for present use.

Here one may find the real English chophouses and grill-rooms, dull little places where you pick out your steak, and can if you choose stand and see it broiled over an open fire of live coals built up in huge brick ranges, and where the body with Rebecca and the well both glowing in the firelight. In one place, too, is an old-fashioned "dressor" on which are ranged blue and white crockery, as though you were taking your mels cheerily and without formslity in the kitchen, which, by the bye, is where things always taste the best.

Hetween the boundaries indicated there is not seen. There is a good deal of boarding and lodging, to be sure, but there is also a good deal of that rarity in New York, home life—that is, the single-family occcupation of the whole house. This is largely possible down here because of the remarkable conservation of the coasy little two-story red brick houses which are so characteristic of the period when the dungy and dirty indications of what they were put up. The steep stone steps are cleaned of with Finladelphia regularity, the doors are they are to be found by the block, still as trim and heat and warmly red as when they were put up. The steep stone steps are cleaned of with Finladelphia regularity, the doors are they are to be found by the block, still as trim and heat and warmly are only the dingrand dirty indications of what they were but up. The steep stone steps are cleaned of white Finladelphia regularity, the doors are they are to be found by the linear season of the finlade should be a sassiduously as hought seed to one and the red of the fin

From the Denice Frace Sun.

To-day it became definitely known about the State House that Governor Waite is to establish a union of Western towernors, to be known as "Western Lodge No. 1 of the Grand Consolidated Union of Turned-down Governors." The three leading members are to be himself, together with ex-Governors I welling and Francoyer. It is said that the Governor is delighted with the scheme, because it is especially stipulated that he is to be walking delegate and can ride in Pullmans, at the same time using the Waite family as private secretaries. On the organization of the new union the first thing that Waite is gibble-rate Waite will be will be to order a strike of the Governors for an eight-hour day and salaries to be doubled. If the successful candidates do not comply with the orders of the minority they will be pronounced scales, and the inition will attempt to cause a tie-up of the flow-ernority they will be pronounced scales, and the inition will attempt to cause a tie-up of the flow-ernority they will be pronounced scales, and the inition will attempt to cause a tie-up of the flow-ernority they will be pronounced scales and the inition will attempt to cause a tie-up of the flow-ernority they will be pronounced scales, and the inition will attempt to cause a tie-up of the flow-ernority they will be pronounced scales and the inition will attempt to cause a tie-up of the flow-ernority the plutter attains to terms. He intends the first strike of the Governor union to be a sec-cea, and will stee it something on the order of the A. R. U. strike.

AT THE PISTOL'S MOUTH. HUMILIATION WELL DESERVED AND

BEAUTIFULLY ADMINISTERED.

Mr. W. H. Seward's Story of Two Border Rumans and a Drummer who was Beyond the Pale of Ruman Sympathy. "My first experience with the real Western rufflan who shoots as willingly as he ents, and with the perennially fresh young drummer whose nerve of the offensive kind is much greater than than his nerve of the defensive kind, two char acters whom I had, up to that time, supposed to exist only in fiction and on the stage, occurred

since. I have never seen them come together with such satisfactory results," The nightly game of whist had just ended in the City Club of Auburn, and the three companions of the Hon. William H. Seward leaned back in their chairs to listen, while the billiard contingent who had just come down stairs drew near in anticipation of a good story.

simultaneously just twenty-five years ago, and

"My father, Secretary Seward, had sent me to look after some land he owned up near where Dubith now stands. There wasn't very much of Duluth then, but there was just about the roughest crowd travelling up there in conse quence of the boom in land that I've ever met with. They were scattered all over, and they owned the land, Every man Jack of them was a walking arsena!. On my train was a drummer of the most festive type. The word fresh doesn't begin to describe him. He word the gayest of clothes, and at every station is would climb off the train and strut about like : peacock, particularly if there were any wome Everybody on the train was heartily tired of him and his everlasting stories about himself and his rash way of appropriating whatever was best. But he couldn't be suppressed, and he wasn't suppressed until one fine day the train broke down, and we found ourselves miles from any place, early on a gray morning, with

absolutely nothing to eat.
"Not far from where we broke down was a small encampment of road-trampers en route for the golden country supposed to lie about Duluth. Some of them had stuck up tents, and to this encamement I went in the none of buying something to eat. It was quite early, and the encampment seemed asleep, but from one tent I heard a hoarse voice exclain;

". That's the third -- bobtail I've caught Pass the deal for a dollar jack pot." "That didn't sound particularly promising but at least it indicated that there was some body swake there, so I pushed aside the tent flap and looked in. There sat two of the toughest characters I have ever seen. They were playing poker. Each was flanked by a quart bottle of whiskey and a big revolver. In their belts were more revolvers and some ugly-locking knives. Too piles of money were on the board that served for a table. All these things I took in, and then my eye travelled over to a corner where a tin pall of something hot was steaming over some embers. This looked promising.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, said I, politely, but I'm very hungry. Could you spare me ome of that-that-that soup in the pail?' "One of the men looked at me, then at his ards, then at his revolver, then at me again, and said, in thick accents:

"Taint soup, it's coffee. You play, Bill."

"As he spoke he wavered gontly from side to side, and I saw that both he and his companion were very drunk. It struck me that I might have safer neighbors than these, but I was

irightfully hungry; so I braced up my courage and said:

"Coffee is good eaough for me. I've got morey enough to pay for it."

"The man called Bill looked up, scowled, and jerked his head toward the pail. I needed no further invitation. I seized the pail and took a good iong swallow of the contents. It was the most awful dose imaginable, worse than all the physic of my childhood. I gasped for breath, and the card players looked up suspiciously. It occurred to me that I might hurt their feelings if I appeared not to like the slleged coffee, which was a compest of beans and cluders, and I wouldn't have hurt their genls; So I said:
"Much obliged. How much do I owe you?"

Nothin', growled Bill, reaching for his whiskey.

"I list I'd like to pay. Can't I..."

whiskey.

"But I'd like to pay. Can't I—"

"Nothin, snorted Bill's opposite, reaching

"Nothin', 'snorted Bill's opposite, reaching for his revolver.
"I didn't press the point, but thanked them again, and went out. At the entrance I met my drummer friend.

"'Aha, me boy,' he said, in his cheerful way, 'scraping acquaintances in camp, hey? Anything good inside? Guess I'll have a look in.

"It wasn't my part to prevent him. I couldn't have done it if I'd wanted to. But I had an idea that something would happen after he got in, so I just waiked around to the rear and gined my eye to a hole in the tent. This is what I saw and heard. The drummer jauntily entered and sized up the place.

"'Poker, hey?' he observed in his genial way. 'Anything to eat here?'

"The players glasued up from their game. The look they gave that drummer ought to have warned him, but he had a lot of things to learn.

"Lost your voices?' he pursued? 'What's that stuff over there?' Coffee? Say, I guess I could get away with some of that myseif.'

"An ominous silence prevailed as he walked over. lifest the pail and took a mouthful.

that stuff over there? Coffee? Say, I guess I could get away with some of that myself.

"An ominous silence prevailed as he walked over, lifted the pail, and took a mouthful, which he immediately spat out with a grimace." Ugh! B-r-r: What the devil kind of stuff is that? he exclaimed. 'Mud soup, hey? That's the rottenest stuff I ever tasted.

"Simultaneously the two poker players reached for their guns. The muzzies pointed directly at the drimmer's head.

"Drink it, commanded Bill.

"Drink it, supplemented Bill's companion.

"But it's poison, 'protested the drummer, turning pale. 'It's murder to.

"Drink it up, d.— quick,' added the other man, excking his.

"Ugh, oh!' gasped the unfortunate drummer, putting the pail to his lips, while his teeth claitered on the edge. 'Igh! B-r-r-i' Oh, Lord, I can't swallow the stuff!

"Swallow it all.' yelled Bill, rising to his feet, and lurching with an unsteadiness which didn't extend to the muzzle of the revolver, 'hown with it. You wanted it, an' now you got it. Drink.'

"Wanted it, an' now you got it,' echoed the holder of the other pistol, also rising. 'Drink his, d.—n you, drink. I'd jiss soon shoot you—hie. as a freg.'

"Those 'hice's settled it. Whatever two ruffans of that type might do when sober, there was no doubt that they would shoot when drunk. The drummer swallowed every drop of the doese, and I pitied him while I iaughed.

"Now put that pail on your head,' ordered Bill." An' we'll take a pop at it,' added his com-

Bill. An' we'll take a pop at it,' added his com-

All we'll take a pop at it, added his com-panion.

"Oh, gentlemen, gentlemen, let me go,' im-plored the drunner. 'I've got a wife and fam-liy at home."

"You'll have a widder, hic, an' orphins if "You'll have a widder, hic, an' orphins if you don't put that pail on, interrupted Bill.
"An'we jess soon shoot at your head as the pail, added his companion cheerfully.
"With a groan the drummer set the pail on his head, where it shook with his trembling.
"If you don't stan' still, commented hill's companion, with a reassuring smile, I'm li'ble not to shoot straight.
"The drummer stiffened. Bang' went the gun of the last speaker, and the pail fell.
"Set 'em up a again, ordered Bill. 'Set -em up a gain, d n you, for the drummer had drapped with a yel.
"He faltered to his feet, and again the pail went up. Hang' went Rill's gun; the pail fell again.

went up. Bang ! went Bill's gun; the pall Tell again.

"Now, get,' yelled Bill. 'Run! Get! Skip! Gott, you long legged snipe!"

"It! Hie! Hie! Hie! Git! Uo it! Run, you long-legged sni-hie-ipe, 'yelled the other man, and the drummer ran, amidst a volley of shots fred promiscuously.

"I saw him about three hours later, still nale and shaking. All his freshness was gone for the time. He didn't call me "me boy, 'nor 'governor,' nor any of the terms he was won't to empioy. He merely asked in faltering accents:

"How did you ever get out alive,"

"Oh, I didn't drink their coffee,' I toid him, and I guess he's still wondering how I escaped."

One Perit of Dining in Helena.

Prom the Helena Independent.

Mike Milligan, a miner, stepped into the Queen (Hly restaurant shortly before 8 o'clock inst everting and ordered a pice, juley plain steak. He soom was wrestling with the beaf. He was getting along nicely when suddenly something hopeened.

About the anne time that Mr. Milligan ordered his supper, the Varille, the Frenchman who rung the shooting gallery next to the restaurant, had also got into trouble. A B H shot had become ledged in the barrel of one of his ribes, and he could not poke it out with a raminal. The ball had to come out, so he put in a 90-callibre cartridge, and, but wishing to shoot at his tarset with a double-shotted you, he took sim at the floor and freed. And this was what happened: Just as Milligan took a large bits of his steak, a rife ball came tearing through the restaurant wall, whizzed past the face of a woman who was calling lunch in a box," and crossing the room, hidged in Milligan's gail arm. The bullet had glanced from the shooting gallery floor and passed into the adjoining building, and had attempted to go through Mr. Milligan, but in this it falled.

The hullit entered Milligan's right biceps and ranged upward toward the shoulder. The wound bled your freely. Milligan was taken to his apartments in a lodging house, and Ira. Steele and Rockman were called. They secured the bullst and dressed the wound.

POKER WITH \$1,000 CHIPS. A FAMOUS GAME AT LEADVILLE IN THE EARLY DAYS

Five High Rollers Sat Bows to It, and Life

ma Well as Money Was Lost at It There Was a Jack Pot with \$20,000 a Hand. WILRESBARRE, Ps., Dec. 1. On the register of the Wyoming Valley Hotel in this city ap-pears the entry "Wilfred T. Herrick, Colorado," written in a scrawling hand, indicative of little know him Herrick looks like a prosperous business man. He is about 45 years of age, of magnificent build, with a pleasant face, and a though I have occasionally seen both types lavish display of diamonds. After had registered and while he was sitting In the lobby of the hotel a Wilkesbarre man strolled in, recognized Herrick as an old Leadville acquaintance, and greeted bim with "Hello! Whif, how are you?" and a henrix hand shake, which was returned with "Hello Walt, glad to see you." The Wilkesbarre man Walt Diller, then introduced Herrick to several acquaintances as a Leadellie friend who had reade a barrel of money in Colorado intres, and told them on the quiet that he was the nighest player in Colorado. After several rounds of drings the conversation turned naturally to

> ide open and everybody gambled. "Whit," suddenly asked Dilley, "do you fight the tiger or shuffle them up any more?" "Not much, Walt. I've about quit," replied Herrick. "Since they've got to putting a bridle on the game you can't win 3; if you best four aces with a straight flush. A \$7 or \$5 limit poker game and \$5 to cases and ten to doubles at fare is the best you can get for your money in most places now. The game ain't what it used to be in the old days when you played for the dust in sight, and you could bet as high as your pile would permit. There was no bridle on the tens you could win more dust than you ever see on the table in any game new.

Leadville in the old days, when everything was

"What was the buggest game you ever played " The biggest game I ever sat In, and the one

by which both money and life were lost, was in Phil Golden's place in the rear of the Tabor Grand Opera House in Leadvills. There were five men in the game, all pretty high rollers, excepting, perhaps, myself. The players were H. A. W. Tabor, owner of the Little Pittsburg and Chrysotite mines, and his partner in the Clarenden Hotel, W. H. Bush: Dick Dillon, disoverer and half owner of the Little Chief mine John Arbuckle, half owner of the Morning Star, Evening Star, and Waterloo mines: a may named Louis Cohen, who was at the head of the syndicate that bought the London mine on Mosquite range, on which the Hungarian Count put up the big windmill and spent \$250,000 before he quit, and myself.

"Each man bought \$10,000 worth of chips at he start, with the whites at \$25, blues at \$100, reds at \$250, and yellows at \$1,000 each. played the old-fashloned game of poker, where

the start, with the whites at \$25, blues at \$100, reds at \$250, and yellows at \$1,000 each. We played the old-fashloned game of poker, where the dealer antes and you can pass your hand and come in again if the pot is opened. The modern lack pot had not yet been introduced into poker. The players ail had plenty of money, and liked a stiff game. The ante was \$25, and the game ran along with varying success for all, except Cohen, who wen steadily, and was perhaps \$5,000 winner when the play of the game came up. It was Tabor's deal, and Cohen, who sat at the dealer's left, went a hundred blind. Arbuckle straidled, making it tour hundred to draw cards. Bush extended his hand and came in, as did brillon. I dropped out, as I didn't have a pair. Tabor got in, and when it came to Cohen he made the blind cood and made it five hundred harder to play. Arbuckle stood it, and so did Bush. Dillon, and Tabor.

"When it came to drawing cards Cohen stood pat; Arbuckle drew two to three sevens and caught two tens; Bush took one card to queens and clayfit his man; Dillon took one card to queens and clayfit sman; Dillon took one card to queens and clayfit his sman; Dillon took one card to queens and clayfit his sman; Dillon took one card to queens and clayfit his sman; Dillon took one card to queens and clayfit his sman; Dillon took one card to queens and clayfit his sman; Dillon took one card to queens and clayfit his sman; Dillon took one card to queens and clayfit his sman; Dillon took one card to queens and clayfit his chips and clayfit his chips and of the his certain of the property of the yellows with his seven full, and Bush called him with his fush. When it came to Tabor he studied awhile, pinched his cards close to his breast, and then whooped her up for five yellows more. Cohen shifted about in his chair as though very nervous, shuffled his chips in and out, getting them all mixed, and then began to count out his chips and slide them into the pot. In counting his chips he apparently made a mistake and counted a yellow of

his cash.
"'I've got a nine full,' said Tabor, throwing down his hand face up. lown his hand face up.

"That lets me out, said Arbuckle; 'I've got a seven full.'

"'Vell,' said Cohen, as he raked in the pot, 'I

a seven tun.

"Vell' said Cohen, as he raked in the pot, 'I got four aces. You feliers t'ought I didn't know dot yeller ship vas mixed int dose vites np. I t'ought you dink dot, un' I knew I couldn't loose him mit four aces ven ve don't blay shtraights.

"When the game closed I was about even. Cohen was away winner, of course; Tabor was stuck pretty deep, as was Dilion; and Arbuckle besides losing a lot of cash, owei Hush \$1,000. Out of that game and that debt there grew a quarrel which ended in Arbuckle being shot in the back on Harrison avenue one night, and Bush narrowly escaped hanging."

A CAT WITH A RAT FOR A CHUM. The Odd Pair of Pets that Take Belight in Each Other's Company.

FORT NIAGARA, Nov. 20, Gorley Phelps, a farmer living two miles east of here on the shore of Lake Ontario, has an odd pair of pets. They are a cat and a rat. They are the best of friends. They eat together, sleep together, and play together. The car sh ins other cats, and so far as Mr. Phelps can ascertain there are no other rats on his premises.

The cut is a big Maltese tom with a bushy tail and sharp claws. He is three years old and was raised from a kitten by Mr. Phelps. The rat is fourteen months old. Last September a year ago Mr. Phelps tore down an old workshop in the rear of his house, in an old boot there he found a nest of rats. The mother of the Maltese tom killed the parent rats, and later ate two of their children. The third baby rat stole into a pocket of Mr. Phelps's coat where it stayed for three days, when Mr. Phelps found it. Mr. Phelps at first intended to kill it, but the rat seemed so tame that he decided to make it a household pet.
The rat grew rapidly on meat and cheese, eat-

ing from the start out of its owner's hand. Its life was in constant danger on account of the number of cats around the house. Mr. Phelpa put the rat into a small cage and placed the cage into a large box made of wire screens. Then he called his cats around the screens. The rats

into a large box made of were screens. Then he called his cats around the screens. The rats made frantic efforts to get at the zar. The Mainese Tom, however, merely shifted at the screen and walked away. This behavior decided Mr. Phelps to try to conclinate Tom and the val. He put Tom inside the screen. Fom inside several half-hearted attempts to get the rat out of the little cage and them is tretched himself out and went to sleep. Every day for three weeks Mr. Phelps put Tom into the tig cage and the rat which he named Chesses, into the small cage, bails each became accustomed to the other's presence. One day he opened both cages. Tom and these squared themselves as if for an encounter. Mr. Phelps threw some bits of meat between them. They heartstood then both began to cat. From that time the two have been warm friends.

Thoy live together in the cage. By day they wander about the house of into the cohors for which Mr. Phelps owns, adjoining his house. Each is very leaders of the other. If any one jets form, these runs alount spheaking and exasperated. If theses is the favores one to marmous his disapproval and me has his hack and bristles his ran. If they are separated they tan atom tunning fore and there mail they find each other, when they dance and important his store. Tom and Cheses spend mark of their time in it. Tom sleeps content calls in a corner. Not so with theses, however, who keeps also back and apits defiated. If you tap on the window there is not the spin where your finger, which he will fellow from larger, when peaching in which here is the reach the spin where your finger touches. He will fellow from larger, when peaching in which here

BANDIT COOK'S METHODS. A RAILROAD PASSENGER'S EXPE RIENCE IN A RECENT ROBBERY.

Cook Used Dynamite and Robbed the Passengers Before Tackling the Express Data As, Tex., Nov. 29, John W. Springer of this city was one of the passengers on the train that was robbed by the Cook gang at Wyback, T. last week. He is one of the proprietors of the Clifton-Holstein cattle ranch, and he tells this story of the way the Cook gang does its work:

"It was a full moonlight night, and all the passengers in the sleeper seemed asleep, when of a sudden there was a shrink from the loco motive. Down brakes was wnistled. I hoked out and discovered that we had been side tracked. The suddenness with which the train stopped caused us to bump our heads against our bertles. Instantly there was a commotion and fusiciading on both shies of the train. Lift. ing my curtain I looked out, and by the light of the moon I saw standing by a tree, about thirty cet from my window, a typical brigand, with a titte slouched but. He had plately in his belt. daggers in his boot legs, and a ride in his hands. As he stood in the shadow of the tree I saw him raise his rifle and fire it several times. The porter began to crawl on the pet. I saked him what was the matter. He replied, as his teeth chattered:

" 'Keep still, boss; dey's got us, shoo. "At that moment a dynamite bomb exploded and blev away one end of the platform of the express car. A fusillade followed. The passers gers now began to discuss the possibility of renurrors were crashed by bullets, strewing the floor of the sleeper with debris, we decided that discretion was the better part of valor.

"After discharging three dynamite bonds without being able to bring the express messengers to terms, the desperadoes announced that if they could not capture the express car they could clean up the passengers. According ly, three knights of the rifle were detailed to rob us. They captured a passenger, a green country boy from Indiana, and invited him to carry the sack. He demurred, saying, I'm afraid I'll be shot,' He was induced, however, to move on when Bill Cook, the boss bandit, cocked his rifle and placed it at his head. As the robbers entered the various oaches and discovered themen, women, and children down on the floor, under the seats and behind the stoves, they invited every one of them to stand up and face the muste.

'A general uprising followed, and hands went In the air. Then the boss robber paid his compliments to all alike, beginning with the first seat. After he had gone all through the car he ordered the passengers to turn over all the seats and 'reveal the boodle' they had hidden. In the search that followed two revolvers were found safely tucked away under the cushion. They belonged to two deputy United States marshals who happened to be on board. Bill Cook drew

belonged to two deputy United States marshals who happened to be on board. Bill Cook drew his gan and wanted to know how in hell those revolvers came there. The men solemnly averred that they never owned revolvers in their lives.

"The fermide passengers were notified that they had better be at home attending to their bables than caverting up and down the country. Each woman was invited to contribute to the good of the cause, and all handed over their watches, chains, rings, bracelets, pios, and money. Silver seemed to predominate in the two bushel sack, which was about half full.

"We had no idea in the sleeper that we would be molested, and the porter had taken the precaution to turn out the lights, leaving us in darkness. However, after about an hour's fusillade other observes were firing into the train to keep down the swirits of the passengers). Bill Cook rapped in a deferential manner at the door of the sleeper. Again did he rap, and falling to receive an answer he hammered on the door with the butt of his gun, and in a voice which seemed to mean, business, yelled that if that porter didn't open up in three seconds he would blow up the car with dynamite. The porter concluded that it was time the door should be opened. Cook entered, looding in his hand a stick of dynamite. He said:
"I'm looking for that little dude conductor. If you don't trot him out in just two seconds I'll kill every mother's son of you in sight."

It is unnecessary to say that there were few, if any, insight in the sleeper except Bill Cook, the porter, and the Hoosler, who carried the sack. The conductor, however, thought it wise to show himself.

"How much stuff have you got?" Mr. Cook invoices and the conductor realises.

porter, and the Hoosier, who carried the sack. The conductor, however, thought it wise to show himself.

"How much stuff have you got?" Mr. Cook inquired, and the conductor replied:

"About \$40 or \$50."

"Drop her in the sack, said Mr. Cook, and the conductor did as he was ordered.

"The chief of the brigands then had the conductor inform him as to the number of passengers. Having forced the conductor and porter to line up in front of him, he called to the passengers to step out and 'settle with the Captain.' I happened to be the first to be invited to come forward. As I crawled out of my berth by the light of a lantern dimly burning I saw the muzice of a rifle pointed at me. It was held by a man who impressed me as one that would as soon snoot down a man as he would a dog. I asked him what he wanted, and he replied: 'Your stuff, and I want it quick.'

"I emptied my pecketbook of its silver and bills, amounting to \$10 or \$15, into the sack.' I had no sooner done so than I was invited to go back to my berth and 'git that gold watch out in list three minutes.' I lost no time, and though my watch was hidden I brought it forward. I was about to unloose my diamond locket from my watch chain, but on the suggestion of Mr. Cook I let up on it, and turned over the balance of my valuables to the robbers. "The second man robbed was a New York drummer, and then came an English tourist. As he marched to the front in an abbreviated costume he trembled like a leaf in an Okiahoma cyclone.

"What will you 'ave?' he inquired.
"Cook locked at him a moment.
"Pard, said he, 'if you want to go back to the Johnny italis, you'd better divy up. Put her in that sack."

"Were's the sack 't the Englishman inquired.
"The sack was in front of him, large coonsh

Johnny Rulls, you'd better divey up. Put her in that sack."

"Were's the sack? the Englishman inquired.

"The sack was in front of him, large chough for an ox to jump into, but he seemed to have lost sight of everything for the moment. Bill Cook indicated where the sack was, and the English tourist dropped everything into it, including his tourist dropped everything into it, including his tourist dropped everything into it, including his tourist dropped to everything into it, including his tourist dropped his gun on the train at Denison, were sext brought out. The bride screamed. Bill Cook dropped his gun on the pair and told the bride that it she did not 'drap' that bubby pretty quick she'd have no hubby to 'drap.' She did as she was ordered, and he told her as she screamed she had better stop that cackling and also stop gadding around the courtry, as there was no place like home. The newly married couple had the sympathy of the passengers.

"After finishing with the passengers. Cook

try, as there was no place like home. The newly married couple had the sympathy of the passengers.

"After finishing with the passengers Cook lined up the trainmen and tive or six of the passengers and then gave the orders:

"Forward, march," the Housier with the sack keeping just in front or the brigand. After the sack had been turned over to a forbidding-looking individual, who seemed to be the treasurer and general manager of the band, the prisoners were drawn up in line in front of the express car, and took then yelled to the messengers on the inside that unless they one feel up that car every one of the prisoners would be shot down. On this information the expressman on the inside that unless they one feel up that car every one of the prisoners would be shot down. On this information the expressman on the inside of the car swung the down wide open, dropped his gun on Cook, and discharged four shois at him, which he says undowntedly took effect, as Cook was seen to roll over and over on the ground.

"At that moment a train was heard coming from Missenger, which alarmed the brigands who immediately mounted they however did.

HIS TWO FATAL IMPULSES.

ONE WAS TO STEAL, THE OTHER TO CONFESS HIS CRIME.

Story of a \$20 030 Embezziement in the

Northwest Influence of Temptation is Shaping a Corece The Effect of a Joke, WASHINGTON, Dec. 1. A party of gentlemen were breakfasting in a restaurant not more than s stone's throw from the White House a few mornings ago, when the conversation turned upon the Seely-Haker defaication and the probable motives for the crime, Much sympathy was expressed for Seely by one of the party. who had seen the backkeeper almost dally for several years, and the belief was expressed that he had taken the first step toward the narrow path at the direction of the older and ablee criminal. Temptation, it was agreed, had much to do with the moulding and shaping of the career of every man, and the theory brought the following true story from Hugh Janeway, who was a guard on Princeton's most famous football team, and is known to every wearer of the orange and black by the affectionate appellation of "House,"

"While I was in business out West two years

age a case of thieving that was unique startled the entire Northwest. The city I was in is lake port of more than ordinary consequence. and a great deal of grain, timber, and ore find an outlet through it, and it has banking houses that would do honce to a more pretentious town than that collection of primitive buildings on the verge of the ranghest country on the continent, In one of the largest financial instituspring day, and everybody from the President down was greatly exercised, and strenuous exertions were made to discover the criminal. There were not more than half a dozen men in the concern who had access to the vault where the money was stored, and all were of the most exemplary character and had been in the employ of the bank for a long time. Detectives were brought on from Chicago and other points, and every effort was made to get some trace of the thiefor thieves, but at the end of more than a month of searching inquiry the Videoqs were compelled to give up and announce their inabiliy to place even the slightest suspicion upon any member of the staff. The money, which was in a package of bills of large denominations, had vanished as mysteriously as though it had dissolved into the air. In the course of a couple of months business went on again just the same. the stockholders made the deficit good, and it was only now and then that the good people of the town referred to the loss casually.

"About a year after the money disappeared one of the youngest of the clerks in the bank came to the President, displayed a letter from a friend in the East asking him to go into business with him, and offering to furnish the necessary capital. The cierk said the opportunity for success in the venture cuttimed by his friend was so promising that he had come to the conclusion that he could not afford to let it pass, and he therefore tendered his resignation. The resignation was accepted with great reluctance by his superior officer, for the clerk was one of the model young men of the town and a member of several religious organizations. He was popular, too, with the young men of all classes, and on the evening of his departure it was arranged to give him a banquet in the dining hall of the leading hotel. The clerk came to the hall carrying his handbag and a light overcoat; it was in the early fall, and the weather is sharp in the Northwest as soon as October sets in. The dinner was a surcess, and it was so arranged that it should be prelonged by specchmaking and solinication until midnight, when the by's in a body would escort their young friend to the station and give him a farewell cheer as the train pulled out. It happened that one of the party who was just tipey emough to know what he was doing stepped on to the bandbag which was on the floor near the clerk's chair. Taking a piece of chalk from his pocket the joker said as he wrote "\$30,000" on one side of the bag.

"Well, boys here he gases with his \$30,000." The clerk took the bag away from his triend with a smile, led him back to his seat at the table, and then addressing the company in a grave volce, said:

"I can assure you this is no loking matter. the evening of his departure it was arranged to give hum a banquet in the dining hall of the

grave volce, said:

"I can assure you this is no joking matter.
You all know how seriously the loss of that money affected every man in the hank with which I had the honor to be connected, and not one of us from the President down did not feel at the time that we would be more or less guilty in the eyes of the public until the thief was caught. By all means let us have no more jokes of this kind.

"The chalking of \$30,000 on the loss of the

caught. By all means let us have no more jokes of this kind.

"The chalking of '\$30,000' on the bag had been greeted with shouts of laughter, but it was a sober gathering when the clerk concluded, and, taking his handker-hiel, exposed the inscription. There were frowns for the luckless instigator of the joke, and the dinner was concluded in silence. It was with many expressions of good will and many hearty handshakes that the cierk said his fareweils, and when the train flashed away his face was strained against the window frame smilling a last adien. Now it happened that one of the local police force was on the same train, going down the line somewhere for a prisoner. This man knew the clerk well, and, approaching him from behind, clasped him about the shoulders, saying:

"So you thought you'd get sway with the money; came now, you are my prisoner. Where's the \$30,000?"

So you thought you'd get away with the money; some now, you are my prisoner. Where's the \$30,000?

"This coming on top of the other strain was too much for the elerk, and leaning back in his seat he covered his face with his hands and sobbed, it's here in this bag."

"The police officer had been joking and he was amazed at the confession, and taking the cullriding the face with his hands and the police officer had been joking and he was amazed at the confession, and taking the cullriding the face of the meney, and then everybedly saw how easily it was done. He had gone down into the vault one afternoon shortly before closing and had seen the packages of large hills there. He said he was selled with an irresistible desire to take the money, and on the impulse of the moment had piled the packages in the hollow of his left arm, threw his light overcoat negligently over it, and walked through the streets with the money as unconcernedly as though out for a stroil after dimer. He took the package to his room stored it in an old lag, and waiting intil nightfail, carried it to the weeds, and hid the plunder among the rocks. A hundred times during the investigation he said he was tempted to tell the President the fruth, and return the plunder, but something whispered to him that with so much money be could make a good start in business somewhere, and if successful he would in time revay every penny of the amount with interest.

"I meer the most rigid examinations on the part of the bank authorities and by the detectives he retained his neves as from suspicion as any other member of the stall. At the expiration of a year and a haif he wrote a friend instructions to write such a letter as he had shown that he possessed a great dock. He is expiration of a year and a haif he wrote a friend instructions to write such a better as he had shown that he possessed a great dock. He is a low a that he possessed a great dock. He is not the long at the monen of the bown whenever they think of taking something that does not belong to

ALMOST THE LAST OF THE MIAMIS. From the Chicago Ecocod.

On this information the expression on the Esciet of the car swing the door wide of some vice opposed his gain on Cook, and discharged four effect, as the swing the door wide offect, as the swing the door wide offect, as the swing the says understood was seen to roll over and lover on the ground.

At that moment a train was heard coming from Missenger, which alarmed the brigands who immediately mounted their horses and first the swing of the passengers to crask out of their billing places. In the course of the might knowever, contidence was fully restored, and some of the passengers waved very warm, and were heard to see that the first the passengers to crask out of their billing places. In the course of the might knowever, contidence was fully restored, and some of the passengers waved very warm, and were heard to see that the first that the passengers waved very warm, and were heard the passengers waved very warm, and warm the passengers waved very w